

and we become a hidden freckle
on someone's lost memory

without clarity or words
only a breeze on a cello string.

— Leslie Woolf Hedley

Cotati CA

THE CHESTER BRIDGE

-- sometimes i take a great notion
to jump in the river & drown/ leadbelly

was more john berryman
than it's a wonderful life
with chipped gray girders
that shook like hell
when a semi rolled by.
whether watching papers
dance erratically
to the surface
or crab apples belly flop
into the cold river
it was a liberating feeling
that i never grew tired of.

MUSICIAN

all those hours
of practice
frustrating chord changes,
developing calluses,
breaking strings
finally paid off
when i sang
my way into
her pants

BLACK COAT BIRDMAN

of the washington bar & grill
with the rust ridden voice
swears up & down
that he's not a regular,
only slipped in
for a quick drink.
he's smooth as satin
& methedrine
the way he tosses out
those twenty-five dollar words
like they were nickels
that had sprouted wings.
he can buffalo his way out
of the tightest spots
& this woman thinks
she has him backed
into a corner.

FAMILY MAN

these days he does
all his wandering
in his head
but he has
old road maps
& a charlie parker
cassette under
the front seat
of the buick
in case
of emergency